

# The Home Corner



### LIFE'S TASK.

Hast thou some heaven-sent task? with promptness choose it; Some little talent given? fall not to use it. Hast found some stream of truth? be quick to span it; Or spark of latent good? be swift to fan it. If Wisdom's pearl is yet unfound, then seek it; Is there some comfort-word unsaid? oh, speak it. Is there a cry of woe unheeded? then heed it. Some worthy cause unhelped by thee? go speed it; Behold life's rushing tide of ill, and stem it; Where wrong is blatant—undisturbed—condemn it; Though crime be skulking—well-concealed—yet find it; Go chase it from its secret lair and bind it. Are life-lines short? then thou the cords must lengthen; Where faith, hope, love, are weak—haste thou to strengthen. When tempted souls despairing falter, nerve them. Wherever human lives have need, there serve them. —Independent.

### A GOLDEN SILENCE.

By Flora Swetnam.

"Girls, there comes Hattie Haines; let's hide from her. She will spoil all the fun if she comes here. I don't want her," declared Lucy Long as she saw Hattie coming toward them.

"I just can't bear her," began one of the girls; then bit her lip when she noticed that Hattie was within hearing distance, and must have heard every word.

Marjory remained silent, but smiled a welcome to Hattie, motioning her to a place beside her in the garden swing. But Hattie passed on her way with a very bright spot on each cheek.

"O girls," cried Marjory, "how could you? I believe she heard every word you said."

"Can't be helped now," said Lucy. "It may have been wrong for me to say it, but I don't like Hattie."

"Perhaps you would if you knew her better," rejoined Marjory gently; "and anyway, mamma has taught me so thoroughly that 'silence is golden,' that I always try to remember it. I am sorry she heard, for she looked so hurt."

Lucy fidgeted uncomfortably. "Of course, I did not mean for her to hear me, I didn't realize she was so near. But she is so stupid."

"Hattie is very timid," replied Marjory, "but really, she is not stupid. I am glad she did not hear you say that."

Lucy laughed a little. "Well, I am glad she did not stop, anyway. It would have spoiled our Saturday afternoon, and it is precious, now that we have to be in school."

Monday found the girls standing about in groups evidently very much interested in some discussion. Hattie would join none of the groups, however; she sat apart, pretending to be deeply absorbed in her books. Marjory called to her, and tried to attract her attention, but she only bent lower over her book.

"Let the sulky thing alone," whispered Lucy; "what is the use of making such a fuss over her? She has been a queer fish ever since she came here."

As Marjory stood looking at her she saw the wistful look in the eyes raised for just one fleeting glance, and going to her quickly, she placed an arm about her. "Do you know," she whispered in her ear, "that Mr. Thornton has offered a medal for the best story for our school paper—one that will illustrate some old proverb? You must try with the others, it will be such fun."

Hattie's cheek flushed, and she was silent for a time; then just as the bell rang, she answered timidly: "I had heard about it. I think you are very kind to ask me to try, and—perhaps I shall."

Lucy laughed when she heard that Hattie would compete for the medal. "She couldn't write a rule for muzzling a poodle dog," she said lightly. "If she were my only opponent, I should have nothing to fear."

"I'll tell you what proverb to choose, Lucy," teased one girl slyly. "Choose, 'Brag is a good dog,' and so forth—you know the rest."

"Thank you for your suggestion, but I'll be kind enough to give it back to you. I have already made my choice. What are you going to write about, Marjory?" she went on coolly.

"I'm not going to try," answered Marjory; "I know my limitations. I guess I'll just stick to algebra and Latin."

"Well, I am going to try," continued Lucy in a superior tone, "and my story will illustrate the proverb, 'It is never too late to mend.' Congratulate me right now. Can't your fancy picture how becoming the medal will be pinned on my best white dress?"

"Here's luck to you," smiled Marjory kindly. "You always have been the literary genius of our class, Lucy."

There was no doubt in Lucy's mind that she would win the medal. She thought her opponents scarcely worth considering, especially Hattie. She labored painstakingly with her story till it was completed, and when she had read and re-read it a hundred times, she became still more

fully convinced it was bound to be a prize-winner.

On the day when the medal was to be awarded the girls clustered about Lucy, assuring her over and over that she was certain to be the lucky one. She wore an expectant smile when Mr. Thornton came forward to announce the winner of the medal.

He held it in his hand, and showed off its beauty tantalizingly. Also, he held the prize-story, and Lucy was quite sure it was her own, but her cheeks flushed painfully as Mr. Thornton called Hattie Haines to come forward and receive the medal. It was some seconds before timid little Hattie could make up her mind to go.

"This story," said Mr. Thornton, "beautifully illustrates the old proverb, 'Speech may be silver, but silence is gold.' I shall ask her to read it aloud."

Poor frightened Hattie gave him a beseeching glance, but he did not see it, and handed her the manuscript with a bow.

As Lucy listened to the reading of the story, she was fully convinced that her thoughtless and unkind words had been heard by Hattie. Her feelings underwent a wonderful change toward her school-mate. She acknowledged to herself the justice of the decision, and wished heartily that she had acted upon Marjory's hint to become better acquainted with her. At the conclusion of the story she was on her feet and took Hattie's hand. "That's the best lesson I ever had," she exclaimed, "and I think my story illustrating, 'It is never too late to mend,' will make a good sequel to it, if you will let it, Hattie; will you? I would like to be friends with you."

Hattie kissed her impulsively. "I have always liked you, Lucy," she said.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

### BOY LIFE IN JAPAN.

"Isn't the orchard pretty just now?" Joe Carter observed, as he and his aunt set out for a walk in the bright spring sunshine.

"Yes; it is like a great bouquet of pink and white blossoms," Aunt Minnie agreed. "It reminds me of Japan. The whole land seems to be a flower there in blossom time."

"Yes; it must be a pretty sight, for the pictures you brought home are all full of flowers. But, remember, you were to tell me a story on our way over to the village," Joe reminded his aunt.

"Well, let me see what I shall tell you about today," Miss Carter mused for a moment. "How would you like me to tell you something of the Japanese boy?"

"I'd like that very much," was the eager reply.

"Then let's begin with him as a very wee little boy, just beginning to walk. It is then that he meets his first test of strength. He is placed in a big basket, whose bottom is not level. About his shoulders are placed some heavy rice cakes, and he is bidden to walk with such impediments as these. Of course, his efforts are futile, and he falls down; but this fall is supposed to fill him with a sort of caution and to preclude all danger of future falls. His toys are, some of them, very like our own small boy's. A hobby horse is a great favorite; and, instead of calling out, 'Get up! Get up!' as he waves his whip in the air, the Japanese boy shouts, 'Halyo! Halyo!'"

Another much-loved toy is a dull, harmless wooden sword, which the lad proudly carries at his side. The Japanese family does not sit about one long or round table at mealtime, as we do; but each member of the family occupies a small individual table. Thus the small boy occupies a table all to himself, but his mother sits quite nearby him, so as to watch over him. This table is a foot and a half square, and is generally covered in some bright color—red or green. The most important article of diet in the Japanese home is rice. It is served with all meals and in abundance. A bucket full of it occupies the center of the table. Before beginning to eat, the lad looks at his elders and says, 'Itadakimasu,' which means, 'I take this with thanks.'

"The boy starts to school when he is six years of age. He is equipped with a slate, a copy-book, a writing box and ink-stand, a cake of India ink, a china mug, brushes and an abacus. The last-named article is a frame, whereon wires are strung. On these wires are small wooden beads, which are used to teach counting. It is on the abacus that the lad learns his first lessons in arithmetic. Instead of a lunch-basket, such as you carry to school, the Japanese boy has a 'lunch set,' which is a sort of round box, containing three compartments. When the upper box is emptied, the other two are placed in it. With the 'set' is a pair of chop-sticks, which the boy uses instead of knife and fork. The students occupy desks,

just as you do, but the beginners—the small boys—sit in the rear of the room instead of in the front desks. The boys read aloud in concert, with the teacher as leader.

"Two favorite toys amongst Japanese school-boys are tops and slings. Their tops are two and a half-inches in diameter, and have an iron ring a fourth of an inch thick. Instead of carrying these toys in their pockets, the boys often conceal them in their large sleeves. The teacher has a queer way of punishing a fellow for misbehavior in school. The miscreant is sent from the school-room with a basin, which he fills to the brim with water. He then returns to the building, bearing the basin, and is forced to stand in the hall, just outside the doorway, where everyone passes, holding the vessel. Here he stands until the teacher deems his punishment sufficient.

"A favorite out-of-door game is Kotoro-kotoro. Two boys are given the names of imp and chief, respectively. The smaller boys all line up behind the chief, each holding on to the belt of the fellow in front of him. Then the imp stands in front, facing the chief. The object of the imp is to catch the boys back of the chief, but he is not allowed to touch the chief in trying to reach the other boys. It is the chief's duty to protect his 'sons,' as the other fellows are called so he dodges with his line behind him, until finally some player stumbles or breaks the line, and the imp is enabled to get past the chief without touching him, and so takes captive the 'son.' The game goes on until the imp has caught, and taken captive, all of the sons of the chief.

"Clam fishing is a very delightful pastime amongst Japanese boys. They wade in the shallow water, bearing rakes which they use to catch the clams, and baskets, into which they put the clams. These clams are not very easy to catch, and a boy who captures many of them on one trip feels very triumphant. Fishing with a net is easier. The net is three by four feet in size. When the fishermen are tired, they go back to their boat or to the shore and eat their picnic lunch, which consists of rice cakes, dotted with sesame seeds, and possibly pickles and some vegetables. They also cook the clams, which they have caught, and eat them with much relish.

"Both boys and girls in Japan are busy during the tea-crop season. The boys work at the tea heaters, rolling the steamed tea leaves, and holding them over the fire to dry. The girls bend over, picking the leaves to be dried. During their work the young folk often indulge in much merry singing, which seems to lighten their tasks. One especially strong voice will carry the air, and the others join in the chorus. So, you see, the Japanese boy has his work, his school duties and his play, just as you have."

"Yes; and that makes him seem closer kin to me," said Joe, thoughtfully. "Heretofore, I've always fancied him a very strange, unnatural, almost artificial sort of fellow; but now I know that he isn't so unlike the rest of us."—Baptist Boys and Girls.

### WHAT CURED MARSHEL.

Marshel was a sturdy little man of five summers, who was a great help to mother in caring for the baby sister, and who could be sent to the grocery and meat shop, or even away down the street on errands if necessary. When he was not helping mother, he was playing with his wagon, or else busied himself with games that he could play alone, for his little friends did not live near him. He generally got along all right when alone; but as sure as he played with another boy he would get hurt a little, or could not have his own way, or there would be some kind of trouble, and then he would cry. My, how he would cry! And of course that would make the other little boy feel bad.

Mother worried quite a little about his doing this, and had many serious talks with him about it, yet they seemed to do no good. He would cry every time any little folks came to play with him.

"I think," she said, "that when John and Harold, or Glen and Charles come over, I will give them your toys, and you must stay off by yourself and just watch them having a good time."

"Oh, no!" Marshel exclaimed, with the tears very near, "don't do that, please."

"Well, then, will you remember not to cry every time things do not go to suit you?" she asked.

"Yes'm," he whispered, hanging his head.

The next day a new boy in that part of the town came in to play with him, and Paul had not been there five minutes before he began crying. Marshel looked at him in astonishment, and forgot to cry himself. The new boy cried and acted very naughty as long as the two were together; and when he went home, Marshel walked soberly up to the house.

"I don't think I like to play with Paul," he said.

"Well, why not?" asked father, who had been sitting on the porch back of the vines and had heard it all.

"Because he cried," Marshel began to explain. Then he looked very much ashamed as he suddenly remembered that that was the way he usually acted. "And I am not going

to cry any more, either," he announced, gravely.

"Let us shake hands on that, lad," said father, "and we will hope you won't soon forget that promise."

It was not easy to overcome the naughty habit, but Marshel kept on trying and trying, and was surprised to find how much more he enjoyed the games and the play with other boys.—Demarest G. Rubins, in Herald and Presbyterian.

### A HISTORIC VALENTINE.

One dull, rainy day I discovered an interesting-looking time-worn valentine, bearing the date "February 14, 1777," in Grandmother's old cabinet.

Grandmother sat knitting before the fireplace—the firelight dancing merrily on her shining needles, and every now and then softly lighting up her kindly face and snow-white hair.

Dropping down on the hearth rug before her, I begged a story about the valentine I had found.

"That valentine was sent to your Great-great-great-aunt Faith by Donald Wentworth," she began. "My grandmother was Faith's sister and I'll tell you the story as she told it to me."

"Girls married very young in those days. Faith was sixteen when she was engaged to Donald. Grandmother often said that few couples were better suited or happier.

"One day in July when Faith and Donald were making plans for the future, word came that independence had been declared. Great Britain no longer ruled the colonies. But men and arms were needed to maintain their freedom.

"For a moment all was confusion and hurry. Good-byes were hastily bidden. And then Donald, accompanied by Faith's father and brothers, rode away to join Washington's army. Wife Faith, with mother and sister, watched—eyes dim—forced smiles—until they were gone from sight.

"But with the men away twice as much work must be done by the women. So while my grandmother did twice her share of work in the house, Faith and her mother picked up the hoes dropped by the men and hoed the corn.

"It was in February that Faith received this valentine from Donald—the first she had ever had. Postage was expensive in those days and letters were seldom sent.

"The next September Donald fell in the battle at Brandywine Creek. 'No, dearie, the grief did not kill Faith. Women were built of stronger stuff in those days.

"Faith was a good and brave woman, sweetheart. Although she lived to be forty-seven she never slighted a duty, and she won the love of all whom she knew.

"When the army so needed gold, she gave her necklace—Donald's gift—saying her country needed it more than she. But what a sacrifice it was no human being ever knew.

"Perhaps without such women as your Great-great-great-aunt Faith, the United States might not have maintained its freedom."—St. Nicholas.

### THE USE OF SALT.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping pan.

Salt in the water is the best thing to clean willow ware and matting.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spill-

ed on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick. Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

Never salt meat that is to be grilled, as it hardens the fibers of the meat and tends to extract the juices. Salt on the platter just before sending to the table. No meat should be salted uncooked, but after the surface has been seared and the meat partly cooked.—Houston Post.

Last Wednesday was the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. He was born February 12, 1809.

**Women!**

If weak, you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is made from gentle herbs, acts in a natural manner, and has no bad results, as some of the strong drugs sometimes used. As a medicine—a tonic—for weak, tired, worn-out women, Cardui has been a popular success for over 50 years.

**Take CARDUI**

The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Lula Walden, of Oramlin, S. C., followed this advice. Read her letter: "I was so weak, when I first began to take Cardui, that it tired me to walk just a little. Now, I can do all the general housework, for a family of 9." Try Cardui for your troubles. It may be the very remedy you need.

**THE CAUCASIAN**

and

**Uncle Remus Home Magazine**

Both One Year for Only

**\$1.25**

Uncle Remus' Home Magazine was founded by Joel Chandler Harris, the author of the "Uncle Remus" stories, and is the best magazine of its class published in the United States. Jack London, Frank L. Stanton, and other prominent writers contribute to this magazine. It is published in Atlanta every month and the subscription price is \$1.00 a year. The *Caucasian* is the best weekly newspaper published in the State. Why not have both of these excellent publications in your home? Subscribers who are in arrears must pay up and renew their subscription in order to take advantage of this exceptional offer. This is the best bargain in reading matter we have ever been able to offer to the reading public. Send us your subscription to-day. Don't delay—but do it now.

Address:

**THE CAUCASIAN**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

**A MODERN ATLAS FREE!**

Don't You Want a 1911 Edition of Hammond's Modern Atlas of the World

This new Atlas contains 128 pages of MAPS, printed in colors, representing every portion of the earth as it is TO-DAY. These plates have been engraved from new drawings, based on the latest surveys, and the publishers believe them to be the most complete and carefully edited series of like size covering the whole earth. The lettering is carefully graded in size to convey at a glance relative importance of places. Railroads are shown and named and almost every railroad station and post-office is named.

The work contains double page maps of many sections of this country and of other countries while the other States and other countries are shown on single pages and are uniform in style, detail etc.

On the margin of each map is an ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED INDEX OF COUNTRIES (or other major divisions), CITIES AND TOWNS. A division or place may be instantly located without turning the page. The convenience of such a quick reference index will be readily appreciated.

Another valuable feature of this work is a very complete list of the cities of the world, giving the latest population statistics, including the

**1910 Census of the United States**

with the new population figures of all States, Territories, counties and the principal cities. An illustrated chapter on the Panama Canal gives a detailed description of this great enterprise, with maps in color.

The lives and portraits of our Presidents from Washington to Taft is another valuable feature.

This Atlas is printed on high-grade paper, is strongly and handsomely bound in red cloth, with attractive cover stampings. It measures, closed, 10 1/2 x 13 1/2 inches.

The price of this Atlas is \$3.00. It would cost you that amount if you should send to the publishers for it. We will give you a copy of this modern ATLAS OF THE WORLD FREE if you will send us four new yearly subscriptions to *The Caucasian* at one dollar each. We are able to offer so valuable an Atlas as a premium for four subscribers because we are partly paying for Atlas in advertising, and are giving the benefit of the advertising to all our agents. Every household in the State should have a good Atlas. Every boy should try to secure one of these excellent premiums. We will send the Atlas to any one who wishes to buy it, postpaid for \$3.00, or remember, we give it FREE for FOUR yearly subscribers to *The Caucasian*. Address,

**THE CAUCASIAN, : : : : Raleigh, N. C.**

**Man Coughs and Breaks Ribs.**

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few tea-spoonful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure its a God-send to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo., "for I believe I would have consumption to-day if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle, or 50 cent or \$1.00 size at all druggists.

**CABBAGE PLANTS**

AT REDUCED PRICES

Fine, well-rooted stocky, frost-proof, large type, Early Jersey Wakefield Cabbage Plants, from best seed obtainable. \$2.00 for 25, \$3.00 for 50, 50c or more at 50 cents per thousand.

**GAEDALF PLANT CO.,** Raleigh, N. C.

INAUGURATION PRESIDENT WILSON.

Inauguration Special to Washington, D. C. Via Southern Railway, Sunday, March 2nd, 1913.

Special train, consisting of Pullman Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches, will leave Raleigh at 8:00 P. M., Sunday, March 2nd, 1913. Arrive Washington, D. C., 7:05 A. M., Monday, March 3rd. Returning special train will leave Washington, D. C., 11:10 P. M., Tuesday, March 4th, 1913.

Do not wait until Monday, March 3rd to leave home, on account of heavy travel on this occasion you may not arrive Washington in time for Inauguration Parade. Take advantage of this Special Train. Spend one day in Washington seeing the many attractions and be there in time for the Inauguration on the 4th.

Schedule Individual Round Trip Parties

Fares 25 or More

Lv. Raleigh 8:00 p. m. .... \$9.45 \$6.00  
Lv. Durham 9:00 p. m. .... 9.40 5.95  
Lv. Burlington 10:17 p. m. .... 9.40 5.90

Rates from points Durham to Greensboro will be same as quoted above from Durham.

Tickets will be on sale February 28th, March 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Final limit March 10th, 1913. Tickets will also be good on all regular trains.

For detailed information, special party arrangements Sleeping Car reservations, etc., ask your Agent or write

T. O. JONES,  
Traveling Passenger Agent,  
Raleigh, N. C.